Pand. Ist possible: no sooner got but lost, the diuell take *Anthenor*, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon *Anthenor*, I would they had brok's neck.

Enter Cress. How now? what's the matter? who was heere?

Pand. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly, wher's my Lord? gone? tell me sweete Vncle, whats the matter.

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Cres. O the Gods, whats the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst nere been borne, I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore Gentleman, a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

Cres. Good vncle, I beseech you on my knees, whats the matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*. Thou must to thy father and bee gone from *Troylus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vncle. I haue forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinitie,
No kinne, no loue, no bloud, no soule so neere me
As the sweete *Troylus*. O you gods diuine,
Make *Cressеids* name the very crowne of falsehood,
If euer she leaue *Troylus*. Time, force and death,
Do to this body what extreames you can:
But the strong base, and building of my loue,
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weepe.

Pand. Do, do.

Cres. Teare my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheekes,
Crack my cleare voyce with sobs, and breake my heart,
With sounding *Troylus*: I will not go from Troy.

Enter Paris, Troyl. Æneas, Deiphob, Anth. Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt,
For her deliuery to this valiant Greeke,
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troylus*.

Tell

Tell you the Lady what sh
And hast her to the purpo
Troy. Walke into her h
Ile bring her to the Grec
And to his hand when I d
Thinke it an altar, and th
A priest there offring to it
Paris. I know what tis
And would, as I shall pitty
Please you walke in my L

Enter Panda

Pan: Be moderate, be
Cress. Why tell you me
The greife is fine, full, per
And violenteth in a sence
As that which causeth it, h
If I could temporize with
Or brew it to a weake and
The like alayment could I
My loue admittes no qua
No more my griefe in such

Enter

Pan. Here, here, here, he
Cres. Oh *Troylus*, *Troylu*
Pan. What a paire of spe
Oh heart, as the goodly sa
why sighst thou without
gaine, because thou canst
nor by speaking: there wa
way nothing, for wee may
We see it, we see it, how no
Troy. *Cressid* I loue thee
That the blest Gods as ang
More bright in zeale then
Cold lip-es blow to their
Cres. Haue the Gods enu
Pan I, I, I, I, tis to plaine a
Cres. And is it true that